

The Willow

Willow, leaning with your fingers
Soft on face that never lingers.
Ever changing, ever flowing
To a bourne beyond your knowing;
Bending joyful yet
As you would him to remaining
With the aspect of the minute
You care, forever in it!
While the title, you seem to capture
Passion in its most rapturous
All the joy of lover's presence,
All the charm of evanescence!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WALK WITH TWO EDGES

BY J. C. PLUMER

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"You see," said John Pegley, "luck is dead against me. I've had it on my tongue's end to ask Miss Phipps to marry me for six months. I've polished up the words so that I'm sure she would say 'yes,' if she could only hear 'em, but I can't get a chance. The moment I get alone with her and get my mouth open to say those words some one always breaks in, either her mother or that fool Dempsey who's dancing after her."

"Why don't you write 'em and send 'em by post?" asked the Captain.
"Because they were made up to be spoken, and it took six months nearly to get 'em together. They wouldn't go well written. They must be spoken."

"There never was a head wind," remarked Captain Holly, impressively, "but what, with a right handlin' of the braces and the wheel, some sort of progress can be made. I can rig a plan to have those words of your'n make as easy a twirl'n a line over a belayin' pin."

Mr. Pegley looked at his friend admiringly.
"Now," said the Captain, "suppose I ask Miss Nora Phipps to go sailing in my boat down to Crane Island. She'd go in a minute, for no one has a better boat in the harbor. Suppose, as we go down to the boat, we should happen to meet you and ask you to go along. When we get to the Island I may walk up and look at the rocks, and you and Nora could walk along the beach."

"Captain!" cried Mr. Pegley, "you're a genius."
"My conscience isn't clear, my lad," retorted the Captain, "I'm no marryin' man myself, and I'm not anxious to get other people to make fools of themselves. No wife for Thomas Holly, my lad."

"Thank you for the plan," cried Pegley, wringing his hands. "It's grand."
In a new jacket Captain Holly walked down the wharf in company with Nora Phipps, the prettiest girl in Rodham. Suddenly from behind a pile of goods appeared Mr. John Pegley looking as if the man taken unawares as possible.

In response to the cordial invitation of Captain Holly to accompany them on a sail to Crane Island, Mr. Pegley, with a clumsy feint of doubt if business would permit him the outing, consented, and the party were about to embark, when Nora asked them to wait a few moments.

"Why, we are all ready," expostulated the Captain.
"Mother's going," said Nora, innocently, "and we must wait for her."
The Captain looked at Mr. Pegley with consternation written legibly on his bronzed countenance. Mr. Pegley looked seaward with all sorts of expressions on his face.

A tall, somewhat bony female came rapidly down the wharf and joined them.
"We're very much obliged for the invitation," said Mrs. Phipps, "but 'tis so hot and dusty in the town."
Captain Holly said nothing though the muscles of his throat worked curiously.

Probably with a view of making the boat sail better, Captain Holly, having seated himself in the stern, piled lunch baskets and wraps in such a way as to form a barricade between himself and Mrs. Phipps, but that lady's somewhat rasping voice easily overpowered this obstruction and kept the Captain busy on the trip to the Island.

When Crane Island was reached the Captain ran his boat alongside a small wharf and the occupants disembarked. Mr. Pegley at once led Miss Nora along the beach, and Mrs. Phipps expressed a longing to visit the rocks in the center of the Island.

Now, the expedition had been undertaken for the express purpose of affording Mr. John Pegley an uninterrupted opportunity of telling Miss Nora Phipps that he loved her. It was a plan of the Captain's, and he felt a laudable pride in it. The instincts of self-preservation told him plainly not to be alone with the dan- gerous Mrs. Phipps, but to keep with her. Captain Holly walked towards the rocks with Mrs. Phipps.

"Nora's a lot of badmatters," said Mrs. Phipps, "heverbody runs after a pretty face. My husband who's dead and 'isn't even never cared for beauty."
"Why Phipps was a man who was very pleased," said Captain Holly, "do justice to his dead acquaintance. Mrs. Phipps looked dully at the Captain.

"I looked for deeper wittness than



For three mortal hours did Captain Holly and Mrs. Phipps parade the beach.

to the Island, but the tide was too strong for him and the boat drifted rapidly towards the town.

"Hoist sail and come back, you can't make it rowing," hailed the Captain.
But Mr. Pegley knew nothing about sailing, and he valued his life, so, with a despairing wave of his hand towards the Island, he allowed the boat to drift with the tide.

The Captain said something which made Mrs. Phipps place her hands over her ears.
"My husband never swore," she said reproachfully.
"You're marooned," growled the Captain.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Phipps. "Why, we're left on the bloody Island, and I don't know when we'll get off of it."
Mrs. Phipps screamed.
"Hill be heloped with you?" They'll say Hill've heloped with you."
"No they won't," cried the Captain, desperately, "they'll know nobody would run away with you."
"Hi can never face the people again unless—" Mrs. Phipps was speaking to the air. Captain Holly was running down the beach.

Arriving at a nook in the rocks he sat down and wiped his brow.
"What made you run so fast?" gasped Mrs. Phipps, appearing at the mouth of the nook.
The Captain adroitly changed an expression on his lips to, "I was hunting for a ship to take us off."
"Hill be heloped with you," said Mrs. Phipps, seating herself by the Captain, "hit'd be a nice place for a 'oneymoon."

"I'll go down to the beach," exclaimed the Captain, "there might be a ship in sight."
"Hill go with you," said Mrs. Phipps. "Hill'm tired of sittin'."
For three mortal hours did Captain Holly and Mrs. Phipps parade the beach until a passing tide spied them and bore them to the town.

"Captain," said Mr. Pegley, the next morning, addressing the Captain, who was wrapped in Cimmerian gloom, "your plan was a first rate one; there was only one thing made it not work. Nora had accepted Dempsey the night before."
"The plan worked all right," growled the Captain, "my plans always have something in 'em. I'm engaged to Mrs. Phipps."

Sassafras Tea His Tonic.
The odor of the sassafras tea circulates around the private office of Acting Secretary Adee in the state department, Washington, these days. Two months in the year Mr. Adee drinks tea, but in March and April he brews sassafras by way of spring medicine. He has a tiny brewing outfit tucked away in his desk and when the thirst comes upon him he boils a little water and adds his weight in tea. And no matter what weight the international problem is under discussion Mr. Adee sets it aside for a few minutes when the time for such refreshment arrives.

Uncomplimentary Artist.
When John S. Sargent, the artist was in New York the last time he visited the gallery of a millionaire whose taste in art matters is not of the highest. A thousand pictures were on view, but they had been selected with woeful lack of discretion. The millionaire conducted Mr. Sargent about the place and waited vainly for the expected word of praise. At length he said in despair: "At least, Mr. Sargent you will agree that my collection is a tolerable one, won't you?" "Tolerable—yes," was the grim reply, "but what would you think of a tolerable crew?"

Mountain Dew Pudding.
Into a pint of milk stir the beaten yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt, four crackers rolled very fine, two table-spoonfuls of cocoanut and three table-spoonfuls of sugar. Mix well, turn into a greased pudding-dish and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Draw the pudding to the door of the oven and spread it with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with two table-spoonfuls of sugar. Return to the oven and

WRAPS AND GOWNS

Styles That Will Be Much Worn.

Walking skirts built of irregular checks or plaids, preferably in black and white, will be very popular. The skirts are made up in many different ways. The greatest success is found in the bias circular skirt with front seam and perhaps two side plaits down the middle front. A smart little bolero or other short coat accurately fitted to this walking skirt much better. The skirt with many gores is another model much in evidence, but it must fall well below the knees. The very latest gored skirt is smooth over the hips, but is easy below the hip line and is quite full before it reaches even the line of the knee. The back, though it may close snugly and smoothly at the top, falls in fullness below the placket. Hip yokes are much used, notwithstanding that its disuse was prophesied. The newest yoke is short in the front and back and longer at the sides, giving an opportunity for smart models have plain narrow front breadths made to suggest a box plait which are cut in one with the hip yoke; and in one with this lobe also are flat panels running from yoke to hem and side and back, while between them the skirt falls in side plaits over box plaits.

Valuable German Discovery.
A substance possessing curious properties is announced in Germany as a compound of carbolic acid, turpentine and camphor with a little turpentine. This mixture, it is asserted, will solidify when heated and melt again when cooled. Solidification with heat is a property of albuminous substances such as the white of an egg, but such substances will not liquefy again on cooling, the coagulation being a permanent chemical change. The mixture described above to which the name "cryostase" has been given, will apparently solidify and liquefy as often as desired, when heated and cooled to the proper points.

Gown Both Chic and Useful.
This is a smart fancy-wedged frock for spring, walking length, trimmed with velvet collar and cuffs and leath-

Wash white marble with clear water and soft brush.
Take your carpets and even your oilcloths up once a year.
Year-old matting gains new life by being wiped up with salt and water.
Chloroform will remove grease spots from colored clothing. Apply from the bottle.
If you put matting down be sure the floors are thoroughly dry before it is laid.
After cleaning get rid of heavy hangings and see that white curtains are spick and span.
Don't shroud pictures and mirrors in netting. If they're too much trouble to keep right up everything you can away.

To Color Lace.
In the present demand for trimmings and vari-colored laces anyone who has had even a small experience in handling a brush can paint her cheap lace into an excellent imitation of an expensive variety, providing that she uses a little judgment in her effort. Too many colors spoil the effect; but with the flowers painted a delicate pink and the tiny leaves green, a very charming trimming is the result. Lace is the salvation of many a "made-over" frock, and an old family lace fichu, or a collar of point lace, or even a lace flounce, can be utilized to better advantage this year than ever before.

Braised Beef.
Make incisions through a round of beef and through the draw long strips of fat salt pork. Have the incisions about an inch apart. Stuff also into the holes with the salt pork a forcemeat made of minced fat salt pork, minced onion and bread crumbs, a fitted seasoner. Lay the meat in a pot, alternate with sliced carrots, celery, a sliced or chopped tomato, two bay leaves broken into bits and a dash of mace and paprika. Pour over all a half pint of cold water, cover closely and cook very slowly—allowing 15 minutes to the pound. Transfer the beef to a hot dish, strain the gravy, thicken it with browned flour and pour over the meat.

Plaitings.
Plaitings are set into the lower parts of street skirts in many attractive and novel ways. In many there is the smooth fitted hip. Skirts laid in plaits and stitched round the hips but falling full below that point continue to be popular. The plain skirt is not deemed as modish as alternating side plaits and groups of side plaits. These skirts have the advantage of being more easily fitted than the old-fashioned skirted skirts.

Novel Corsage Arrangement.
There are several new features of fashion in one charming corsage that will serve to keep it in the front rank of style for some time to come. Over a fitted lining there is a bouffant blouse of one-piece crepe de chine, this caught down easily into the fold and feathered, ceinture. The neck is cut V shape, and a bolero-like emplacement, with fanciful encrustations of lace, is laid over the back and front. The chemisette that fills in the neck has the collar made in one with it, and lace encrustations serve to conceal the joinings. The sleeve is an extremely good model, the top deeply shirred on the inner seams, and straps of lace serving to hold the fullness in place on the forearm. The fullness under the arm, and a deeply wrinkled mosquito-net arrangement runs from wrist to elbow.

Sash Fancy Grows.
There is a growing fancy for sashes, and an especially novel Paris gown has a sash arranged as a high belt, fastened together in front, with its long ends hanging straight down the front of the dress. For a slender girl this fashion, while doubtless flattering, is bound to be attractive.

Narrow Ruffles.
Narrow ruffles, gathered very full and mounted so that the folds fall over each other, is a style of trimming that is to be widely adopted. For a short, round skirt no better finish could be imagined. A dainty frock for a girl in her early teens is made, as one might say, almost entirely of ruffles, yet so skillfully are they used that the gown is not bunched or over-elaborate. It has four ruffles on the hem, three a little higher up, then two, and then one, about eight inches from the waist.

Design for Summer Frock.
Any of the summery materials, the supple silks, mousselines, organdies and the like will develop charmingly. In Paris the vogue of the cut-out neck extends even to the toilets intended for daylight wear; but here we fill them in with chemisettes. The draped bodice shows beneath wide straps of lace, which are continued down the skirt, dainty little jabots appearing on the bust. The sleeve has several ruffles arranged to the elbow. The skirt is plaited over the hips, the front gone, disposed with intruding flat plaits, and a full flounce is applied beneath a lace heading, cascades of lace appearing either side of the front.

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Use for Peacock Feathers.
If there are yet some who think that the superstition about peacock feathers is still ingrained in the minds of their sex, let them

Protective Coating for Butter.
A varnish of melted sugar applied with a soft brush is the novel protective coating for butter that is finding favor in Germany and England.

Cocoanut Bread Pudding.
Soak two cups of bread crumbs in one quart of milk for half an hour. Stir in a cup of sugar and a cup of cocoanut, grated, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Eat with a cream sauce.

Real Shirt Waist Returns.
The shirt waist promised for the summer is really a shirt waist; that is, it has returned to the simplicity of the original garment. The bishop sleeve has disappeared and in its place is the old-time shirt-sleeve, moderate in size at the top, set in to rise a little and ending in starched cuffs.

In Using the Machine.
During the days of spring sewing women are apt to find the continued running of the sewing machine very tiresome. They will find that the motion is not so wearisome if only the toe of the left foot is allowed to touch the treadle, while the right foot is placed entirely on it and bears the bulk of the work.

Buttons claim attention this season to a greater extent than for some time past, and are destined for especial prominence during the coming summer as the decorative adjunct of the linen and similar fabric frocks. Buttons for the tub gown are ornamented in a variety of charming designs, the foundation material being that of the gown and the embroidery executed in mercerized thread in self or harmonizing color. A trio of artistic buttons finished with French knots.

To these may be added a set of beautiful buttons covered with many thicknesses of denim with a raised flower, small but pretty, worked on the top of the button. Such buttons are washable.

Beside this list of handmade buttons there may be included in the same dainty class the entire family of silk covered and hand-painted buttons which are now being made for

the summer silks, the foulards, the wash silks and the Oriental silks. The place which the button takes this season is remarkable by its prominence. The plain little shirt waist which buttons frankly down the front is made all the more beautiful by the hand-embroidered button which takes

take a stroll up Fifth avenue or through the park some fine morning when the world is so fresh and bright, and your mind will be disabused of the notion, says a New York newspaper. For morning wear it has become a fad to have a bunch of peacock feathers stuck jauntily through the band of a soft felt fedora hat. Glowing cheeks and the rich blue-green of the feathers make charming contrasts and the effect is extremely chic.

In Silk-Ward Menieretta.
All of the soft shades of green are exceptionally fashionable in this very modish material, and a charmingly original design is thus pictured: The bodice follows the smart draped lines over a fitted doublet, the neck out in a lingerie chemisette, and the sleeve a bewitching novelty in the slashed puff that reveals the under-sleeve of white chiffon, the same forming a draped puff below the elbow. The skirt is plaited over the hips, a fancy yoke emplacement seeming to hold it to the figure, and a festooned flounce is applied above the half-circle stiffened hem.

Fish Omelet.
Take the roe and a block about two inches square of the firmest part of the flesh of any unsalted fish having white meat. After mixing with butter and placing in a pan, whip until the butter is melted. Then put an other lump of butter mixed with chopped herbs in a dish, flavor with the juice of a lemon and, after beating the eggs, make an ordinary omelet, adding the fish mixture.

Tailor-Made in Face-Cloth.
An excellent design for a black face-cloth gown; it is trimmed in lines with military braid and "frog"

fastenings, while a touch of originality is the collar and cuffs of white spotted with black cloth. Plateau hat tilted forward by feathers.

Prune Pudding.
Stew ½ pound prunes very slowly and without sugar. Add whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff, ½ teaspoon of cream tartar, a little salt and some sugar if needed. Put in pudding dish in a larger dish of boiling water, cover and bake in the oven for 10 minutes, remove the larger pan and bake 15 minutes longer, and nicely brown it. Serve cold with cream.

Under the high unclouded sun.
That makes the ship and shadow one.
I sail away as, from the fort,
Booms silently the noonday gun.

The odorless ails blow thin and fine,
The sparkling waves like emeralds shine.
The lustre of the coral reefs
Gleams whitely through the tepid brine.

And glisters o'er the liquid miles
The jeweled ring of verdant isles.
Where generous Nature holds her court
Of ripened bloom and sunny smiles.

Encaptured by the faithful sea
Involute gardens lead the breeze.
There haunt like giant-wonders
The phenomena of the ocean-trees.

Enthroned in light and bathed in balm,
In lonely majesty and calm
Blesses the Isles with waving hands—
High-priest of the eternal calm.

Yet Northward with an equal mind
I steer my course, and leave behind

The rapture of the southern skies—
The wooing of the southern wind.

For here o'er Nature's wanton bloom
Falls far and near the shade of gloom.
The sun's rays not the sun's culture-wings
Of one dark thought of woe and wrong.

I know that in the snow-clostered pines,
The brave Norse forest's hidden lines,
And faint for this I love the land
Where endless summer grays the vines.

O strong, free North, arise and brave!
O South, too lovely to be slave!
Why needs the not the sun's culture-wings
The free can conquer not to save!

May God upon their mingling sands
Send Love and Victory's blessing hands,
And Freedom's banner waves in peace
Forever o'er the better lands!

And here, in that transcendent hour,
Shall yielding Beauty and with Power;
And blushing out the smiling sea
In dalliance deck the nodal tower.

—John Hay.

Toboggan on the Grass

One-half the world's coasters doesn't know how the other half coasts. The Canadian has his toboggan, the mountaineer his ski, the rustic easterner his home-made sled for ankle-deep snow in zero weather, the city boy his wheeled coaster for paved streets, but here, on the hillside of suburban San Francisco, a boy may coast without snow, without a cement walk or an asphalt street—without even a coaster. All he needs is to mount a piece of board on the top of a hillside where there is a vacant lot covered with dry "sticker grass," and away he goes like a sandbag out of a baldy, whooping, screaming in a wild excitement and boundless joy.

It is a dangerous sport, but no boy loves it less for that. Even full grown men have been known to break fast with life insurance companies, forget their duty to housemates given them their trousers in order and end up as a mad hour into this intoxicating frolic.

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CURE YOUR KIDNEYS.

When the Back Aches and Bladder Troubles Set In, Get at the Cause.

Don't make the mistake of believing back ache and bladder ills to be local ailments. Get at the cause and cure the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands, Captain S. D. Hunter, of Engine No. 14, Pittsburgh, Pa., Fire Department, and residing at 2123 Wylie avenue, says:

"It was three years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills for an attack of kidney trouble that was mostly back ache, and they fixed me up fine. There is no mistake about that, and if I should ever be troubled again I will get the best thing as I know what they are."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Getting Closer to Heaven.

Once in the Pacific coast forests, the writer came upon a magnificent sugar pine, the only tree of its kind for miles around, and a landmark even in that region of giant trees. My guide, as he looked up at the top, which lifted itself almost into the clouds, remarked: "If a man could climb that tree on a Christmas morning he could hear the church bells ringing in heaven."—Exchange.

Find Buried Treasure.

In the immediate neighborhood of the little town of Kingsman, in Switzerland, a case was found containing a hoard of 829 gold coins. A hoard of the coins was buried in the year 1602 to 1704. It is thought that the gold was buried at the time of the Spanish war of succession. The gold value of the coins is estimated at 35,000, and the numismatic value at over 100,000 francs.

Buried With Cherished Handkerchief.

With the handkerchief he used to dry his tears when he was converted at a revival fifteen years ago, Samuel S. Hand, a retired employe of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, was buried.—Philadelphia Record.

For Growing Girls.

West Pembroke, Me., April 24.—Mrs. A. L. Smith, of this place, says that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for growing girls. Mrs. Smith commends her recommendation by the following experience: "My daughter was thirteen years old last November and it is now two years since she was first taken with Crazy Spells that would last a week and would then pass off. In a month she would have the spells again. At these times she could eat very little and was very yellow; even the whites of her eyes would be yellow.

"The doctors gave us no encouragement, they all said they could not help her. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she has not had one bad spell. Of course, we continue our treatment until she had used in all about a dozen boxes, and we still give them to her occasionally, when she is not feeling well. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the best medicine for growing girls."

"If you would heed the advice of Mrs. Smith, for by so doing, they may save their daughters much pain and sickness and ensure a healthy, happy future for them.

It's a sure sign that a man is growing old when he begins to tell you that he feels as young as he ever did.

ANOTHER RECORD IN LAND HUNTING.

This Spring's Exodus to Canada Greater Than Ever.

It was thought in 1903, when over forty-five thousand people went from the United States to Canada, that the limit of the yearly immigration to the wheat zone of the Continent had been reached. But when in 1904 about 60,000 Americans went to Canada citizens signified their intention of becoming settlers on Canadian lands, the general public were prepared for the announcement of large numbers in 1905. No surprise therefore will be caused when it is made known that in 1906 we counted over a thousand more in 1905 are warranted in the fact that the Spring movement Canadianward is greater than it has ever been. The special trains from Omaha, Chicago, St. Paul, Detroit, and other gateways has been crowded. Many have gone to join friends and relatives who have been homes for them and others have gone relying upon their own resources, satisfied that what others have done can also be done by them. This year much new territory has been opened up by the railroads which are extending their lines into the wheat zone of the continent. This new territory has attractions for those desiring to homestead on the one hundred and sixty acres granted each settler by the Canadian Government. Many also take advantage of the opportunity to purchase lands at the low figures at which they are now being offered.

It does not require much thought to convince one that if Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and other lands, with a value of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre, are to be sold for living by producing ten to thirteen bushels of wheat to the acre and thirty to fifty bushels of corn to the acre, the lands of Western Canada at seven to ten dollars an acre, producing from twenty to thirty bushels of a superior wheat to the acre should produce competence to the ordinary farmer in a very few years. These are the facts as they confront the reader. There are millions of acres of such land in Western Canada in addition to the other millions that are considered to be portion of the biggest and best wheat lands ever cultivated the cattle and horse product of the North American continent. What is particularly evident in Western Canada is the fact that the wheat lands, adjoining the grazing lands, make farming particularly agreeable and profitable. The agents of the Canadian Government, who are always willing to give information and advice to intending settlers, say that the acreage put under crop this season is greatly in excess of last season.

The error of a minute, the sorrow of a lifetime.

For Rent or Sale, Two Ranches of 3,000 Acres Each.

Located in Custer county on South Loup river; consists of 600 acres good corn land, 60 alfalfa, 320 meadow and the balance in pasture; good improvements. Inquire of Victor H. Coffman, Omaha, Neb.

World Is Narrowing Down

Where are the forbidden cities of our youth? Samarand, which Arminius Vambery could only penetrate in disguise at the risk of his life, has become familiar as a household word. Khiva, the whilom inviolate, can be visited by any traveler who can set his passport, which is pushed from the historic entrepot of an oasis once inaccessible, is now a Russian railway station. Lhasa has been unveiled by the Younghusband expedition. Anybody can go by rail from Joppa to Jerusalem, and the day is not far distant when the iron horse will run snorting past the tomb of Mohammed at Medina, and land passengers with its crew of the Black Stone of Me-

ca. The Sultan Abd-El-Hamid, acting as Commander of the Faithful by virtue of the title transmitted to him by the last Abbasid Caliph, has authorized and helped to finance the construction of a railway from Damascus to the holy cities of Islam. Already the line has been pushed from the east continuously inhabited city on earth southward through Syria to a point near Petra, which was so long a frontier fortress of the Roman empire, which commands the road from Asia to Egypt, and which is less than a hundred miles distant from the Gulf of Akabah, the most easterly of the two bays which protrude like prongs from the head of the Red Sea.—Harper's Weekly.

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